

Railgun vs Railgun

by The Wrath of Revan

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Summary: Misaka is attacked by a SPARTAN-IV with a railgun to rival hers! Can she fend him off, or will she be blown to bits? Rated T to be safe.

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So as I was playing **_Halo 4, **_**I had an idea. **_**Halo 4**_** has a railgun. Misaka has a railgun. Can you smell what I'm cooking? Aw yeah, lame crossover attempt! Is this a good idea? Probably not! Am I going to do it anyway? Duh! Onwards and upwards!**

WhirrrrrrrBOOM!

Misaka rolled behind the base's wall, feeling the electromagnetically propelled slug from her opponent's weapon blister by her, slamming into the canyon wall behind her. Shards of rock flew everywhere, and a fine coat of pulverized stone drifted through the air.

She couldn't believe how fast this guy was- he was wearing half a ton of combat armor, for crying out loud! Yet he was sprinting around the canyon like a madman, almost as fast as she was. His only weapon was a handheld railgun-more sleek and compact than Therestina's had been-and it seemed like it was just as if not more powerful than hers. Though his was probably firing something heavier than coins.

She took a second to assess the situation. What did she know? Okay, first: his weapon took about a second and a half to fire. Second: If she got hit with a shot from that thing, even a glancing blow, she was dead. Third: His suit was undoubtedly electronic- she could probably EMP it. On reflection, that's what she should do.

She rolled out of cover, only to see that the SPARTAN had come within fifty feet of her. He raised his long, gray railgun to aim at her, and she instinctively flung her arms up.

"Eat this!" she shouted, slinging a bolt of lightning at him. It struck him dead on, the electricity arcing over his black armor. He flinched, and lowered his railgun involuntarily.

This was her chance! She whipped out a coin, not bothering to flip it in the air, and loaded it into her hand. She locked her arm into the firing position, and catapulted the slug straight at him. She grinned wickedly.

But of course that would have been too easy. His thruster pack flared into life, sending him careening to the side at the last possible second as the coin thundered past him.

Misaka groaned. Of course his suit would have been EMP proofed. He was in the military. Still, that wasn't her only trick. She sprinted at the soldier, pulling another coin from her pocket. She quickly aimed at the recovering SPARTAN, when he suddenly melted out of her field of vision.

Invisibility? Oh, of course he'd have invisibility. They were pulling out all the stops on this one. Still, it was no great challenge. She could see the electric signals powering his suit, as well as his cloaking device. She scanned the area quickly, seeing the faint outline of the soldier, who had raised his railgun and was trying to get around behind her.

"Not a chance!" She called up a whip of iron sand out of the ground, flicking it at him. Suddenly he was visible again. He rolled out of the way of one lash, when Misaka brought up a second whip from the left with her other hand. No way was he dodging both of these!

Immediately, a shield of light warped into existence from his forearm, blocking both sand whips. This was getting stupid. Just how many abilities did this guy have? Misaka started lashing wildly with both whips, seeing just how fast she could fling them. No matter what she did, though, he seemed to have supernatural reflexes with that shield.

Suddenly, he sprinted toward her, shield raised. She flinched, and the sand whips crumbled onto the dirt. She fell backwards, trying to scramble away. He leapt at her, and she rolled out of the way at the last possible second before he landed with a whumph right next to her. No pauses for him, though- instead of trying to shoot her, he used the railgun like a baseball bat, slamming into her ribcage and sending her tumbling painfully across the dirt.

She coughed, feeling like a few ribs were broken- they probably were. She opened her eyes, only to see his visorless helmet mere inches from her face. Despite being this close, she still heard no sound from her attacker- he was deadly efficient.

Suddenly, the soldier took a fistful of Misaka's shirt and lifted her into the air.

She scowled. "What do you think you're-"

He threw her. Definitely not what she was expecting. She slammed into the stone wall hard, knocking the wind out of her lungs. Her head was spinning as she saw the figure slowly stride into her field of view. She clenched her eyes tightly and tried to get her bearings back about her. No dice. She heard the SPARTAN come to a stop right above her. She kept her eyes closed, and flinched when she felt the cold metal of his railgun pressed against her forehead. One word came from beneath his featureless mask.

"Goodbye."

Misaka only grinned.

"Yeah. Goodbye!"

Javelins of iron sand lanced up from the earth, ripping through the SPARTAN's thruster pack. It exploded in a shower of sparks, making him stumble forward. Misaka pushed herself off the ground and opened her eyes. The world had come back into focus. Time to end this.

She pulled a coin from her pocket. Electricity arced around her arm as she lined up the shot on the recovering soldier.

"Eat this!" she shouted, launching the coin. It slammed into the SPARTAN's chest with the force of a hammer blow, stirring up a thick cloud of dust.

Misaka was panting by now, and her ribs hurt, but she had won. She had beaten him. She had-

A black-gauntleted fist slammed into her stomach, sending her flying. The SPARTAN leapt over to her prone form and pressed the railgun to her stomach. Whirrrrrrrrr-

"Whatâ€? Butâ€? how did-"

BOOM!

Misaka felt an instant of blinding pain as the slug burned a hole through her spine, then everything went black.

* * *

><p>Misaka walked out of the holographic room as the Ragnarok map dissolved behind her.<p>

"My, my, Oneesama, that was quite a poor showing." Kuroko shook her head. "Not quite up to the reputation of the third Level 5, hmm?"

Misaka scowled. "Hey, I had him! That last shot should have gotten him! If it wasn't for that, Iâ€!"

Kuroko smiled. "You of all people should know that your coins don't have much effect on armor- you know, like when you fought Therestina?"

She harrumphed. "Yeah, wellâ€? He had too many armor abilities! That was against the rules!"

Uiharu swiveled around in the chair that faced the control panel. "You're the one that asked for that, Miss Misaka. To, what was it again? 'Test yourself'? I did tell you that giving the AI that many abilities might make it too hard."

Misaka stopped walking and turned back around. "You know what? Uiharu! Put that Halo 4 disc back in! Same abilities, same weapon. Kuroko! You can, uh, hug me, I guess. For good luck."

Kuroko gave a pouty look. "Aww, just a hug? I could—"

Misaka put up a hand, silencing her protests. "Just... just a hug. Get it over with."

She felt herself constricted in a death grip as she tried to walk back into the simulation chamber that was reforming into the same map as before. One way or another, she was going to beat this game.

End
file.